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Denison's Specialties

THE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER

By

Arthur L. Rice

T. S. Denison & Company
Publishers · Chicago

Price, 30 Cents

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Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs.(25c)	17	23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	8	3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. .....(35c)	7	10
When Smith Stepped Out, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(50c)	4	4
Whose Little Bride Are You? 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(50c)	5	5
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	4

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 623 S. Wabash Ave Chicago

THE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE ACT

BY

ARTHUR L. RICE

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

THE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER

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CHARACTERS.

(*As they appear.*)

SILAS STONE ..... *The Village Photographer*
MARTHA SELBY ..... *A Young Mother*
ZEPH BARKER ..... *A Crusty "Old Bach"*
GRANDMA TYLER, GRANDPA TYLER ..... *Fifty Years Married*
MRS. KELL ..... *A Giddy Widow*
PA SANDERS ..... *A Proud Daddy*
MA SANDERS ..... *Equally Proud*
KITTY SANDERS, JIMMY SANDERS, BUDDY SANDERS ..... *Why Pa and Ma are Proud*
JERRY DOVER ..... *The Town Loafer*
RAY MOON ..... *A Happy Bridegroom*
HONEY MOON ..... *His Blushing Bride*
SALLY HARMS ..... *A Would-be Movie Star*
OLIVIA OLDHAM ..... *"Twenty-four Today"*
ZEKE HAYTOP ..... *A Bashful Farmer*
LITTLE BILLY STONE ..... *The Photographer's Youngster*

SCENE—*The Village Photographer's Studio.*

PLACE—*Homeville.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Forty-five Minutes.*

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OCT 22 1921

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TYPES AND COSTUMES.

(Where special costume is not mentioned, the player wears clothing characteristic of what is worn by the people in any small town.)

SILAS STONE—Middle-aged and slightly stoop-shouldered, dignified but always friendly and sympathetic. Is neatly but shabbily dressed in a dark suit, well worn.

MARTHA SELBY—A well-dressed young woman carrying a baby, the latter to be a large doll or any large bundle wrapped in a shawl to give the desired effect. She is pale and unhappy looking when she enters, but quite cheered up when she leaves.

ZEPH BARKER—Middle-aged man, with crusty manner and hard-set face until SILAS betrays him into smiling and revealing his goodness of heart. Rather "dressed up."

GRANDMA and GRANDPA TYLER—An old but happy couple, jolly and spry. Old-fashioned costumes.

MRS. KELL—Middle-aged, affected and excitable, not very refined. Somewhat brilliantly overdressed.

MA and PA SANDERS—Rather young middle-aged couple, radiating happiness and contentment.

KITTY, JIMMY and BUDDY SANDERS—Children, aged about fourteen, nine and five respectively. (If necessary, these can be easily changed to suit talent at hand.)

JERRY DOVER—A lazy, conceited young fellow. Sporty suit with flashy tie and socks.

RAY MOON—Young man, wears new suit; flower in buttonhole; gloves.

HONEY MOON—Pretty girl, aged about twenty. Wears wedding gown and veil and carries bouquet.

SALLY HARMS—Pretty young girl, aged about sixteen. Wears hat and dress that she believes to be very "smart," and plenty of jewelry. Is noticeably painted and powdered. Carries a vanity box containing powder puff, etc.

Miss Oldham—Typical comedy old maid, with corkscrew curls topped by a large comb; old-fashioned dress of bright colors; white "mitts" with finger-tips cut off.

Zeke Haytop—Bashful and awkward in manner. Wears "store suit" with heavy cowhide boots. Frequently mops his brow with big red bandana handkerchief.

Little Billy Stone—The smallest child to be found who can learn the lines and carry the part. (If a little girl is used, this character may be programmed as "Little Susie Stone.")

NOTES ON THE PRODUCTION.

The Stage—Any platform may be used and only one exit is required. If the stage has no exits, a space on one side of the auditorium should be screened off large enough to conceal all the players and they should enter stage from behind the screen. The use of a front curtain to raise and lower is not essential.

The Action—The action or "business" of the players is only suggested. They should strive at all times to appear natural and conduct themselves as real people would in a photograph studio. They hang their hats and wraps on the clothes tree and may examine the sample pictures, "fix up" in front of the mirror, show curiosity over the camera, etc. Each should avoid stiffness and try to imagine that he or she is really the type of person being impersonated. Posing for camera should always be arranged so that the subjects face the audience. The old photographer's soliloquies are not addressed straight to the audience, but as though he were talking aloud to himself.

Easily Produced—This play is well within the ability of any amateur cast. The players may rehearse in groups, and only one or two full rehearsals are necessary. Most of the parts are short and quickly learned. When staged by church societies, The Photographer is frequently played by the minister with great success. The audience will find this play thoroughly entertaining, and it has, besides the

fun, a wholesome moral tone. It is entirely suitable for use in any church.

THE CAST—The cast can easily be cut or altered to suit local conditions. The characters may be changed if the talent at hand makes it desirable.

SPECIALTIES—Songs, musical readings or other specialties can be added by slight changes in the lines to introduce them. Adapt these to your local cast. For specialty material, GRANDPA TYLER might use "Old Time Wedding Day," a musical reading by Lytton Cox. JIMMIE SANDERS might use a selection from "Little Folks' Budget" or "Choice Pieces for Little People." A wealth of other good material is described in T. S. Denison & Company's complete catalogue.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.,* center; *R. C.,* right center; *L.,* left; *up stage,* away from footlights; *down stage,* near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER

SCENE: *The Village Photographer's Studio. Down stage, either R. or L., and pointing diagonally up stage, is a studio camera. (If this cannot be borrowed, a camera can be easily made with a box to which is attached a piece of cardboard mailing tube, and all painted black. A piece of heavy cord hangs from it, with a small rubber ball attached to the free end.) A dark focusing cloth is thrown over the camera. The camera is mounted on a tripod. A hall tree for hats and wraps stands near the door. Several chairs are placed out of range of the camera. A small table with sample photographs and a few babies' toys, a feather duster under the table, a bench for the family group, a sign on the wall, "Terms, Half Cash at Time of Sitting," and a fairly large mirror on the wall near the door, complete the necessary properties, though others may be added at the discretion of the director.*

As the curtain rises the stage is empty. SILAS *enters, removes his hat and coat and starts dusting his shop.*

SILAS. Another day. At least that's what the calendar says. Every month I tear off another sheet and start all over again, but I declare, one day seems just like another to me. Maybe Abe Lincoln was right. He said he guessed the Lord must have loved the common people for he made so many of them. But I wish he hadn't made them quite so common. What is there for me to see here in Homeville? What do I do every day of my life—except Sundays? They are different. Get up, eat breakfast, come to the shop, work all day, go home, eat supper, go to bed. No excitement since I can remember. Nobody has stolen anything. No one has had a fight. We haven't even had a funeral for over a year. (*Sits musing.*) And what shall I do? The camera doesn't lie, but the retouching brush can tell whoppers. Shall I tell the truth and get no thanks for

it, or let art supplement nature and be really popular? Oh, well, I guess it doesn't matter much what one photographer does. The Lord sees folks as they are, not according to the latest likeness sitting on the piano. If we foolish folks want to jolly ourselves into thinking we are right handsome I don't know as it worries Him a lot. (*Takes opened letter from pocket.*) That letter from brother Jim surely sounded interesting. Now if I were where he is—my, but there'd be lots to see and do. City streets just chock full of people running everywhere. Fifty people in the office where Jim works. Fifteen hundred people in that one office building—more than in all of Homeville. Gee, if I were there couldn't I do—(*A knock at the door.*) Come in!

MARTHA SELBY *enters, carrying her baby.*

MARTHA. Good morning, Mr. Stone.

SILAS. Good morning, Mrs. Selby. And what is that precious bundle you have? Bless my soul, is Sonny to sit for his first picture? How old is he, Martha?

MARTHA. Just three months old today. But I declare, I feel three years older. He's such a care.

SILAS. Why, he looks to me like an uncommon nice laddie; good-natured, healthy; almost as nice as Dorothy Barker's baby.

MARTHA (*warmly*). Well, I guess! There aren't any nicer babies. But he's such a wiggle. (*Shakes the baby.*) Be still, baby, or you'll wear your mother out.

SILAS. Now how did you calculate to have him snapped, Martha?

MARTHA. How will this do? (*Sits, holding baby on knee away from herself.*) Now sit still a minute.

SILAS (*preparing camera*). Any way you like it, Martha. Seen Joe Tabor's little mite lately? She doesn't bother 'em much about kicking around, not since she had the fever and was well nigh paralyzed these three years. Never can walk and run like the others.

MARTHA (*squeezes baby close to her*).

SILAS (*going to table*). Martha, you should see the pic-

ture I took of Mrs. Jackson and her baby. Here it is. Now isn't that a sweet face? And see those curls. Picture wasn't retouched a mite, either. (MARTHA *removes baby's hood.*) Why, hello! We have some curls, too, haven't we?

MARTHA (*with something of pride*). He's a cute little fellow. But you know, Mr. Stone, I've always had such a good time, and I miss the parties we used to have with the old crowd. Seems like I never was so tied down.

SILAS (*again busy with camera*). Didn't you help your mother, Martha, when you were at home? There was quite a little family to care for there.

MARTHA. Yes, but mother wouldn't let me stay when there was anything going on. She would say, "Run along, girlie, have a good time while you're young," and I surely did.

SILAS (*musing*). Your mother was a good woman. And when I heard that you and Dave were keeping company, I said to myself, Dave's getting a good wife and mother for his children. (*Suddenly.*) But here I'm talking away as though you just came in for a pleasant visit. Let's get this picture taken. (*She assumes motherly pose.*) Couldn't be better. Hey there, look over here, little fellow. (*Snaps his fingers.*) What's his name, Martha?

MARTHA. David, after his father.

SILAS. Here, David, how can we get a happy family picture when you won't look? (*Uses whistle, bell, etc., then squeezes the ball.*) There, that's done.

MARTHA. How soon can I have the proofs? You know Dave's folks are in California and have never seen their only grandchild, so they are in a hurry.

SILAS (*quizzically*). Sure no one else is in a hurry?

MARTHA. Well, yes, that foolish father is—and maybe I am, too.

SILAS. Yes, Martha. Many's the time you'll look at his picture in the years to come, and maybe you'll wish for the day when he was squirming around in your arms instead of away playing his part in life. (*Change of tone.*) I'll have the proofs tomorrow. Remember me to your mother.

MARTHA. Yes, Mr. Stone. And I'm going to try to remember her a little more myself—for the sake of my baby. Thank you.

SILAS (*embarrassed*). Not at all, Martha, not at all. It's all in the day's work. Come tomorrow for those proofs. Goodbye. (*Exit* MARTHA.)

SILAS. Isn't that cantankerous human nature for you? Most tired to pieces of that little bit of sunshine, when there's many a pair of arms just aching to hold a baby. Well, she's young, and she loves her man, and her little man, too, though she fusses at him. She'll come out all right.

Enter ZEPH BARKER. *His face is hard set and his manner is crusty.*

SILAS (*cheerfully*). Hello, Zeph Barker. How are you today?

ZEPH. Fair enough, I guess.

SILAS. Why, you're all dolled up like a peacock. What's the idea? (*Playfully.*) Going to make some girl happy? 'Fess up.

ZEPH. When you see peach trees full of birds and blossoms on the thirty-fifth day of January, you can begin to dust off your best duds to wear at my wedding. Don't get excited.

SILAS (*laughing*). We have to have our fun, Zeph. Did you hear what that little Stearns youngster asked his mother?

ZEPH. No, what was that?

SILAS. He said, "Mother, what did God make bachelors for?" She answered that God wasn't to blame; that bachelors made themselves what they are. Then he said, "I'm glad, mother, for I would hate to blame all that onto God."

ZEPH (*testily*). They all pick onto us bachelors—bachelors and mother-in-laws. I don't know which I'd rather be—that is—(*confused*) I mean—you know—well, if I was to have my choice I wouldn't know which to choose—(*starts to smile*) providing, of course, that I could be—

SILAS (*laughing*). That's all right, Zeph. I understand perfectly. Now, was there something you wanted with me?

ZEPH (*face sets*). Yes, I've got to have my face shot.

SILAS. Well, limber it up a little or I couldn't make a dent in it with a musket.

ZEPH. All tommyrot, a man of my age getting his picture taken! But sister Alice just dings away and won't give me no rest until I do. 'Tarnal nuisance, I say! Pity a man can't do as he pleases in a free country!

SILAS (*looking at* ZEPH). Maybe you'd like to go to Russia, Zeph. Everyone seems to do whatever he pleases and whomever he pleases over there. You wouldn't even need to get a shave or a haircut. Still, there's folks in this country, and even in this township, who have no one on earth to bother 'em. Been out past the Old Folks' Home lately, Zeph? There's old Tim Wallen—not a soul this side of heaven to bother him and make him get his picture taken. And there's—

ZEPH (*nervously*). Quit it! That home gives me the creeps. I always sail by as fast as I can, so I won't see those folks with no one to care for 'em. Oh, I may be there some day all right, but Alice says not while she has a home for me to share.

SILAS (*casually*). She isn't a bad sister, then?

ZEPH (*emphatically*). Not that anyone knows of. Why, she almost turned down that man of hers, as good a man as ever breathed, 'cause she said she was goin' to keep house for me. In fact, she wouldn't marry him until I promised I'd come to her if ever I needed a home. Wouldn't call that bad, would you?

SILAS (*shrewdly*). How about those youngsters of hers? Don't amount to much, do they?

ZEPH (*quickly*). You look here, Silas Stone, those kids are all right, if they *are* my nephews—and mischievous, drat 'em. (*Smiles.*) I didn't have a minute's peace while I was there. It's really the kids that want Uncle Zeph's picture, Alice says. Well, whenever you are ready, shoot. (*Face sets.*)

SILAS. Just a minute, Zeph. The kids are mischievous, are they? (*Goes to camera and watches* ZEPH.)

ZEPH. That's no name for it. A girl friend of Alice's called while I was there. Alice was dressing so I went into the parlor to be sociable. And do you know, those rascals locked us in and ran off with the key. They had heard Alice say I might love a girl if I'd look at her twice, and this lady being a favorite of theirs—and they sort of liking me—they were trying to make a match. (*Sits in smiling thought as* SILAS *takes picture.*) Cute little rascals they sure are.

SILAS. Well, that's done now, Zeph, and it didn't sour your sweet disposition, did it?

ZEPH (*annoyed*). What? You haven't taken me? I wasn't ready. Now you can try it. (*Sets self in old grouchy pose.*)

SILAS. Show's over. You can see the star bachelor's picture the next time you are in.

ZEPH (*eagerly*). This afternoon?

SILAS (*smiling*). Well, hardly that soon. That friend of Alice's can wait a day longer, can't she? You can see the proofs tomorrow, send her one for Christmas, and get married by New Year if you like.

ZEPH. Oh, you go 'long! (*Exit in manifest confusion.*)

SILAS (*arranging camera*). Good old scout, Zeph is, if he is like a tree; a rough bark outside but sound and good at heart. I'm going to insist that he keep one of his own pictures for a pattern of that rare old smile of his. He's most forgotten how, but if he were to look at this picture every day it might make him young again.

Enter GRANDMA *and* GRANDPA TYLER, *hand-in-hand.*

SILAS. Why, Grandma and Grandpa Tyler. You surely are looking fine today—and dressed up. Going to the city, are you? Sit down and rest yourselves.

GRANDMA (*sitting*). We are a bit tired, thank you, Silas. We're not so spry as fifty years ago when we jined hands—

GRANDPA (*sitting by her*). And put our heads into the noose.

GRANDMA. Now you quit your cutting up, Pa Tyler. Goodness knows you didn't have to endure it fifty years if you didn't want to.

GRANDPA. Fifty years? You're foolin' me, Matilda. It was—let's see—day before—week before—year ago Christmas. Grant was our president then, the same great general I followed through the Wilderness campaign of the Civil War. The Union Pacific Railroad was finished the year before. Remember we thought it was rather risky to ride on the cars, so we drove our wagon from Indiana way out west to Nebraska? Were you ever sorry you went, Matilda?

GRANDMA (*taking his hand*). Not once, Henry, for you've been a good husband.

GRANDPA (*warmly*). Not as good as you've been a wife.

SILAS. Here, now, no quarreling on your golden wedding anniversary, even if it is over which one is the best. Let's get arranged here. (*Seats them side by side and goes to camera to focus.* GRANDPA *puts arm around* GRANDMA.) None of that spooning. This camera has only one eye, but it is a good one. I don't need to tell you to look happy. Just look natural. (*Someone off stage sings an old song such as "John Anderson, My Jo," while* SILAS *takes picture.*) That's fine. I'll surely want to keep one of these for my sample lot. There's many a sermon preached without a word. Maybe it'll do some younger folks good to see smiles after a half century of teamwork.

GRANDPA. Silas, would you mind—not telling about this? We sort of sneaked away today—and—Christmas is coming, you know. (*Gets up.*)

SILAS. Surely I do know. And I know just how pleased some children and grandchildren will be to have such a treasure as a golden wedding picture. Trust me. I'll not tell anyone—except those who won't tell.

GRANDMA (*rising*). That's right, Silas. No secrets from your wife. Share everything. That's been our plan for fifty years—

GRANDPA. And will be while there's another to share with.

(*The old couple, stepping proudly, exit to tune of wedding march.*)

SILAS (*at door, calling after them*). Goodbye, folks. I'll have your proofs for you. (*Returning toward camera.*) Fifty years. God is good to some folks to let them live together so long. Yes, and good to others that they don't have to spend such a long term together.

MRS. KELL *enters, with affected walk, and seats herself. She has a paper in her hand.*

MRS. KELL. Howdy do, Mr. Stone. Are you taking pictures these days?

SILAS. That's my business, Mrs. Kell. Can I do something for you?

MRS. K. You take real good pictures, don't you? I mean real stylish and handsome.

SILAS. Well, I try to. But sometimes I have a hard time. Depends a little bit on the subject, you know.

MRS. K. Yes, of course. That would make a *little* difference.

SILAS. If you wish, you may sit for your picture, but I can't guarantee that you'll like it. Sit here, please. (*Places a chair in front of camera.*)

MRS. K. I believe I'd rather stand. I think a woman looks so much more queenly and dignified when she stands. (*Pauses.*) Mr. Stone, I don't know what to do. (*Confidentially.*) You know someone—I haven't the slightest idea who—sent me a copy of the "Marriage Bell." (*Shows paper.*) You know that's where lonely people like myself—tell one another, you know—how they feel about matrimony.

SILAS. Most of them seem favorable to it, don't they? (*Fixes camera.*)

MRS. K. Yes, to be sure. Of course that's the purpose of the paper, you know. It says on the front page (*reads*), "To Unite Lonely Hearts in Cupid's Fond Embrace." Isn't that a beautiful sentiment? Since my dear, dear husband

(*wipes eyes*) got himself kicked by a mule—by the way, I have that mule yet. Do you know anyone who wants to buy one? Yes, he's perfectly gentle and a child can handle him just as well as a man. (*Change of tone.*) But I was saying since my husband left me I have been so lonely. The Bible says in plain words, Mr. Stone, "It is not good for man to be alone," and what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Not that men are geese—that is, not all men—but I do think a lonely woman is a pitiful sight.

SILAS (*musing, with arm over camera*). I've heard, though, of lonely folks who had lots of people around them. I always imagined that good Dolly Vance led a lonely life with that old soak of a husband she married to reform. Guess she was lonelier with him there than when he was off on one of his tears. There's worse things in the world than being lonely, too.

MRS. K. Then deliver me from the worse things. There's one advertisement in the paper which seems so noble and true. (*Reads.*) "Man of forty-six, handsome, wealthy farmer, two thousand acres of land, fine home, automobile, wants to marry strong healthy woman who understands farm work. Send picture." Doesn't that sound appealing?

SILAS (*kindly*). Now if you want my honest opinion, Mrs. Kell, I'll give it. You'd best go mighty slow and careful. Investigate him. Inquire about him from his neighbors. The handsomest, wealthiest farmer, even if he had a whole flock of aeroplanes, might not be the man for you.

MRS. K. (*jumps up, offended*). Silas Stone, I won't have it! I am *not* hard to get along with! My sainted husband and I got on beautifully. Oh, you men know so much! I just won't have my picture taken. I won't. I *won't!* (*Rushes out.*)

SILAS (*shaking his head*). I hope she means it. Poor woman, she's just as apt as not to rush into what she'll live to regret. I hope she means it.

THE FIVE SANDERS *enter.*

THE FIVE SANDERS (*together*). Howdy do, Mr. Stone?

SILAS (*throws hands up*). I surrender. This army is too much for me to resist. What will you have?

BUDDY. I want my picture taken.

SILAS. You want your picture taken, do you? And how about all these other folks?

KITTY. We want all of us taken together.

SILAS. That's great. How did you want to be arranged?

MA. To be natural, I think that Daddy should be on his hands and knees with the whole pack of them hanging on in various places.

PA. And Mother bringing up the rear. No, sirree! I have my best duds on today and I can't get down on the floor.

BUDDY. I have a new suit, too.

JIMMY. Buddy knows a piece about his suit.

SILAS. Let's hear it. I like to hear little boys speak pieces. (*The others take seats.*)

BUDDY (*stiffly*). This suit of clothes so fine and stout,
A woolly sheep once carried about.

SILAS (*clapping his hands*). Good! James, your little brother did so well, don't you know a piece you can say? (BUDDY *sits by his mother.*)

JIMMY (*rising*). Yes, I can if you want to hear one.

SILAS. Go ahead.

(JIMMY *gives a short humorous reading.*)

SILAS (*pats* JIMMY'S *shoulder*). Mrs. Sanders, I don't see how you keep so fresh and young with all your farm work and this little family to care for.

MA. It *is* hard sometimes. But I have help, you know. With the best husband in the world and three children to love me, you have no idea how much easier it is. Love does make the task so much lighter.

SILAS. These boys are so talented I think we ought to hear from their sister and their father.

PA. Not much! If the whole family took to spouting, what would you do for an audience? I claim that we are the most important part of it all.

KITTY. That's what I say.

SILAS. Well, I know you could do your part, too. But let's get set for that picture. (*Places bench.*) Now, all those who are happy come and sit on this bench (*they all scurry to it*), and all who are not come over here. (*Steps away and turns in surprise.*) Goodness sakes! Looks like we are all happy. Kitty, why are you happy?

KITTY (*puts arm around mother's neck*). Because I have the best mother in the world.

SILAS. Jimmy, what makes you happy?

JIMMY (*stands close to father*). There isn't another boy's dad I'd swap for mine.

SILAS. How about you, Buddy Sanders? Why are you happy?

BUDDY (*standing on bench between parents and putting arm about each.*) I love Daddy and Mamma.

SILAS (*enthusiastically*). I believe that is about as goo! a group as I could arrange. Sit as you are. Everybody happy? (*Business.*) That's over. The happy family group is taken. Come in again. (*They prepare to go.*)

BUDDY. I'll come and speak another piece when I'm a big boy.

SILAS. You do it, and when your Daddy grows up and gets old bring him back again.

PA. Not for some time. I'm going to stay young with my children.

(*Exit* THE FIVE SANDERS.)

SILAS (*softly whistling "Home Sweet Home," when there is a knock at door*). Come in, you don't have to knock.

JERRY DOVER *enters.*

SILAS. Oh, hello, Jerry, didn't you see it said "Come In" on the door?

JERRY. Yes, but I thought you might have changed your mind. That's been on there for ten years.

SILAS. So it has. But I mean it yet. What's on your mind?

JERRY. Nothing much.

SILAS. That's a surprisingly frank statement. Haven't you been learning anything in school lately?

JERRY. Me? In school? Not for four years past.

SILAS. I'd forgotten that you graduated in 19—, Jerry.

JERRY. No, it wasn't just that way. You see the teachers all took a spite on me, and Maw needed me, so I jest called my eddication done.

SILAS. Mother needed you; that's right. I always admire one who sacrifices his own desire to help his parents. I'm glad to know you're helping your mother.

JERRY. I kinda wanted to have my picture taken, one of those great big ones to set on the mantel.

SILAS. You know those large ones come high.

JERRY. That's all right. Nothing is too good for me. It's the large one I want.

SILAS. Help me move this settee. (*They move bench used in group scene.*) Why, you're puffing.

JERRY. My—my heart isn't very strong.

SILAS. I see. How about your arm? (*Feels it.*) Not very strong, either. But I suppose your mother's work is easy and it doesn't develop much muscle. Carrying water and rubbing clothes is a soft snap. (*Places chair.*) Now sit here. (JERRY *sits and poses grandly.*) No, not like a multimillionaire. Leave a little of the world for someone else to own. (JERRY *droops.*) No, you're not a mouse, either. You're just Jerry Dover, and when you get natural I'll shoot. (JERRY *takes an easy, somewhat sleepy posture.*) There, that's good. (*Takes picture.*)

JERRY (*rising hastily*). You can charge this to Maw.

SILAS. What's that?

JERRY. I say you can charge this picture to Maw. You won't need to pay her any more for the washing until this is settled for. (*Starting to go.*)

SILAS (*hurries to door, intercepting* JERRY). Now, Jerry, you and I are going to have an understanding. Did you mean to tell me that you were going to let your mother wash clothes to pay for your picture?

JERRY (*alarmed*). No, no, Mr. Stone; of course not. I

was just joking, you know me. (*Tries to laugh.*) What I meant to say was that—er—I haven't the money now—but I'll pay you as soon as I get it.

SILAS. The terms (*points to sign*) are one-half cash at the time of the sitting, and I'm going to stick to them. I suppose I might keep your coat for security—or your shoes.

JERRY (*whining*). Please, Mr. Stone—I'll get a job just as soon as I can and pay you.

SILAS. All right. You have a job right now. You know where my woodpile is. The saw and axe are right there. I'll expect you to have that pile done by tomorrow night. All done, mind you.

JERRY. I don't know whether I can stand it. My heart, you know—isn't—

SILAS. Your heart will get a worse shock if you fall down. My, wouldn't the boys like to know this? It would look fine written up in the paper! You'd better get at it. The day's well along.

JERRY. Yes, sir. Goodbye, Mr. Stone. And—you won't tell anyone, will you? (*Exit.*)

SILAS. He can have the picture, all right. But he's going to think he is working for it. I'll give his mother the money. She needs it, poor soul.

Enter RAY MOON *and* HONEY MOON.

SILAS. Hello, Ray and Honey. Hmmm. Seems like there's something special doing today.

RAY. All done, Mr. Stone. The preacher just got through tying the knot.

SILAS. Congratulations, then, and best wishes for your happiness. But I wouldn't say all done. I'd say just begun. The two roads have met and now there's just one—better than either—better than both—and stretching on and on, over the hills and through the valleys—one road to the end.

HONEY. That's a long, long time, isn't it?

SILAS. It's the longest, shortest time that ever was. The longer you live together, the shorter the years will seem.

RAY. Well, I'm sure I can stand it if she can, and I guess she ought to know. I've been at her home steady enough the last year. Think I'll accomplish more, now that I don't have to run back and forth from one home to another.

SILAS. Now, what sort of a wedding picture were you wanting?

HONEY. Oh, a regular wedding picture.

RAY. Yes, with Honey standing behind me with her hand on my shoulder. (*They take this pose.*)

HONEY (*puzzled*). But I thought it was the other way. Isn't it the bride who sits and the groom who stands? (*They exchange places.*)

SILAS. Now, see here, children, I'm going to tell you something. My suggestion is that you stand together, for your picture now and for your whole life of work. 'Cause see here, this is a double-harness affair. Can you imagine a team pulling much if one horse were to sit down while the other stood? Be kind of hard to harness him or pull anything, wouldn't it? Now stand there. (*They stand apart.*) You might close up a little more. Probably neither one is poison, and that sunshine between you won't look like much in a picture. (*They come closer, but remain very serious.*) This isn't an infernal machine, Ray. It's perfectly harmless. (*Playfully blows whistle.*) Smile, little girl and boy. You look almost like you believe what the old bachelor said at the wedding. Everyone was crowding around to congratulate the couple and one enthusiastic friend said, "Now you have come to the end of all your troubles." "Yes," the bachelor said, "but which end?"

RAY (*laughing*). Not I, Mr. Stone. I guess I was just so happy I was almost sad. If troubles should come there are two of us to meet them now. Go ahead with your picture.

SILAS (*taking picture*). I don't need to ask you the questions the minister asked, for I can see the answers on your faces. There, that's all, preserved for coming generations. (*They go toward door.*) You are a fine young

team and I am sure you are going to pull together splendidly.

HONEY. Indeed we will! We are partners in everything, aren't we Ray?

RAY. Right you are. (RAY *and* HONEY *exit happily, arm-in-arm.*)

SILAS (*calling to them*). That's fine. You are on the happy road, folks. Stay on it. (*To himself, when they have gone.*) Sometimes I think there's a heap of rottenness in the world, and I fear maybe it's getting worse. But then I see such a blessed ray of sunshine as this. Then I know that the world is made new in young lives. As long as love, purity, faith and truth shine in young eyes I know the world will keep on turning upward to its goal.

Enter SALLY HARMS.

SALLY. How do you do, Mr. Stone.

SILAS (*turns and sees her*). I'm very well, thank you. But I can't just recall your name.

SALLY. I'm Sally Harms, Joel Harms's daughter.

SILAS. Yes, to be sure. But she was a little girl the last I knew of her. Here she's grown up over night.

SALLY. I'm almost sixteen, if you please.

SILAS. Yes, surely. And that's getting up in years.

SALLY. I want my picture taken. (SILAS *looks at her, saying nothing.*) I said I want my picture taken!

SILAS. Yes, I see. You want *your* picture taken.

SALLY. That's what I said. I don't see why you are looking that way at me. (*Opens vanity bag, looks in mirror, powders nose, etc.*)

SILAS. I was just wondering, Sally, if it would be you I photographed if I took you as you are. Seems to me there's more black and white and red than white folks usually show. Of course, the Indians—

SALLY (*impatiently*). Oh, you old folks don't know. All the up-to-date ladies paint and powder and fix up.

SILAS (*reminiscently*). Hmmm. Ever read your Bible much, Sally? Of course I know you have, some. You just ought to read what sort of women there were in Isaiah's

time. That's some years ago, mind you, way before the time of Christ. In the last part of the third chapter he calls the roll. And, talk about up-to-date people, they had aids to beauty we never dream of; nose rings and ankle chains, to say nothing of the shawls and veils and hand mirrors and perfume boxes. That's the ancestor of the powder puff, I guess. They had considerable of helps. But I don't recall any of their names in the book of fame. Seems to me it's you who are old-fashioned, Sally, following that bunch that Isaiah called down twenty-six hundred years ago. (*Change to matter of fact tone.*) There's a mirror in the corner, Sally, if you care to fix up—or unfix a bit. (*She goes and wipes paint off.*) That's more like a real, honest, lovely girl. Do you know, Sally, God makes our faces sort of transparent. Folks can see through and see *us* there; what we really *are*. But when you cover it all up you're just like dolls on a shelf. Take your choice. There's no difference, for they all got their color out of the same paint bucket. Real folks are different and don't you be ashamed of it. Just be *you,* the best you know, that's all.

SALLY (*takes seat for picture*). Do you know much about the city?

SILAS. Not a lot. But Jim writes me about it now and then. It makes Homeville seem pretty slow, I admit.

SALLY (*eagerly*). That's just the way I feel! I'm so cramped here; see nothing; have no opportunities to show what I can do. I have been told I can act. (*Rises.*) And you know how much money actors get—the fine clothes they wear—the beautiful hotels where they live.

SILAS. Are you practicing any? What can you do?

SALLY (*recites, much too dramatically*)—

> Oh, gentle Romeo,
> If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
> Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
> I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
> But else, not for the world.

(*Sits again.*) Then there's always the movies one can try.

I've been told that —— (*popular film star*) would be jealous of me; but maybe he was trying to kid me.

SILAS. Who is—this—"he" person?

SALLY. Oh, I didn't mean to tell you. (*Hesitates.*) It's Mr. Dewey's nephew, who is visiting him. He lives in the city, you know, and he's told me such wonderful stories of city life.

SILAS (*quizzically*). If he's so stuck on it I don't see why he pesters us out here every few months.

SALLY. He's very fond of his uncle.

SILAS. I'm sure of that; just as fond as his uncle's pigs at feeding time—and for the same reason.

SALLY. You don't know him, Mr. Stone. He's good at heart. Why, he's going to help me get started, you know.

SILAS (*sharply*). What's that?

SALLY. I'm planning to go to the city and he's to help me find work.

SILAS (*seriously*). Sally, did you ever see me get real mad? Probably not, but I'm almost there now. (*Emphatically.*) That fellow is *no good!* And if he ever puts hands on you I'll put hands and feet both on him. (*Tenderly.*) Sally, you have missed a lot of mothering since your dear mother went to her reward. Your daddy has done his best. But fathers aren't mothers, the best they can do. The city is no place for a girl alone. It's a hard life. The big jobs have a hundred girls after them. There are dangers far worse than death—wolves who wear the finest of clothes. Stay here, Sally. Your father needs you. He will give you a good home until some straight, honest boy takes you to start another home. The moths fly to the flame, Sally. But they die. Stay here.

SALLY (*crying*). I guess you are right, Mr. Stone. I won't go unless I tell you. (*Starting to go.*) And I'm not very pretty for my picture now. I'll have to come back some other day.

SILAS. You do it, Sally. And if there is anything I can do for you—ever—you just come and tell me.

SALLY. Goodbye, and thank you. (*Exit.*)

SILAS (*calls after her*). Goodbye. (*To himself.*) I'll just keep my eye on that young puppy, and if he bothers her any more I'll use a little moral suasion on him. (*Doubles fists and strikes at imaginary foe, as—*)

MISS OLDHAM *enters.*

MISS OLDHAM. Why, what are you doing, Mr. Stone?

SILAS (*confused, changes movements to physical culture arm exercises*). I was just having a few exercises—calisthenics, you know. They are splendid to keep one toned up and young.

MISS O. Is that possible? How do you do them?

SILAS. There are lots of different ones. This one (*bends head in circle*) will keep your neck loosened up. (*She imitates.*) This is good for the digestion. (*Begins to twist at waist, hands on hips. She imitates.*) No, better not do it with your street clothes on. You might come apart.

MISS O. And which did you say were to keep one young?

SILAS. They all have that effect. (*Puffs.*) I'm about winded. I don't do them often enough for my own good.

MISS O. One has to do them often, then, to do any good?

SILAS. Oh, yes. To keep young one should spend—oh, say about five hours a day at it.

MISS O. How silly. I don't believe it, anyhow. But if I ever should feel that I were growing old I will come to you for instructions.

SILAS. Did you want a photograph, Miss Oldham?

MISS O. Yes, this is my twenty-fourth birthday and I desire to have my likeness photographed. (*Goes to glass to primp.*)

SILAS (*aside, going to camera*). No, she doesn't. I'll get my hair pulled if I don't photograph her *un*likeness.

MISS O. (*seats herself*). How will this do?

SILAS. Now, don't tilt your head so. (*He fixes her in position.*) Just be natural, this way. Now are we ready?

(*Returns to camera. She moves and fusses with clothes.*) You are out of position. (*Fixes position again and hurries back to camera.*) Just a minute, now. (*She re-arranges hair.*) Now once more, if you *please*. (*He again fixes position.*) Let's get it this time. (*Goes back to camera.*) Ready? (*He is about to take picture when*—)

ZEKE HAYTOP *enters.*

MISS O. (*rises and bows*). Good afternoon, Mr. Haytop. Isn't this a perfectly lovely fall day? Makes me feel years younger—that is—years younger—than I would be if I were older.

ZEKE. It's all right, I guess. But I've got chilblains so dad burned bad that I ain't in shape to appreciate the weather.

SILAS. Figuring on having the chilblains taken, were you, Zeke?

ZEKE. I'd sure give a nickel if your old camera would take 'em. I don't want 'em. (*He stands,* MISS OLDHAM *ogles. He drops eyes and shifts feet.*)

SILAS. Shall we proceed with the sitting, Miss Oldham? Mr. Haytop will excuse us if we ignore him for the time.

ZEKE (*heartily*). Yes, yes, by all means. Please ignore me. (MISS OLDHAM *smiles sweetly and turns to camera.* ZEKE *sighs deeply.*)

SILAS. Now let's get that lovely pose again. (*Fixes pose and rushes back to camera.*)

MISS O. (*turns to* ZEKE). By the way, Mr. Haytop, are all your folks well? Your dear mother and father, are they enjoying good health? And your sweet brothers and sisters, I trust that they too are healthy.

ZEKE. Paw's got boils and he ain't enjoyin' them much, but 'side from that we're all enjoyin' what we got. (*She smiles.* ZEKE *is nervous.*)

MISS O. Here we are keeping Mr. Stone waiting while we have our delightful little chat. (*Gushingly.*) You'll forgive us, won't you, Mr. Stone?

SILAS. Sure. I'm married and I'm used to being neg-

lected by the young members of the fair sex. Now please get your pose. (*Fixes pose and runs to camera. She turns to* ZEKE *and smiles.* SILAS *tears his hair.*) Come here, Zeke. I've got to get some attraction behind the camera. (*Leads* ZEKE *to place beside himself.*) You can be the little birdie, whistle and bell altogether. (*She smiles.* SILAS *takes picture.*) There, that's done. (*Wipes forehead with handkerchief.* ZEKE *does the same.*)

MISS O. You have been so perfectly lovely to wait for me, Mr. Haytop, that I'll return the compliment by waiting for you. Possibly you might be going in my direction.

ZEKE. Why—no—I—er—was figuring on going home the lower road.

MISS O. That would be fine. I haven't been through the woods for so long. They're so romantic, don't you think?

ZEKE (*scared*). Yes'm. But—really—it may take quite a long time for my picture. I've got to get fixed up a lot.

MISS O. (*smiling*). I'll wait, thank you.

SILAS. The glass is in the corner, Zeke, if you want to fix your hair. (ZEKE *goes to glass, watches her furtively and sneaks out door, leaving hat behind.*) All right, Zeke, I'm ready now. Why, where are you, Zeke?

MISS O. (*looking and jumping up*). Gone? I'll get him yet. (*Exit in haste.*)

SILAS (*sits wearily*). Such a day! Aren't people different? Even false teeth have individuality, as Squire Johnson discovered yesterday when he tried to wear his wife's. (*Musing.*) All different, but the same needs, the same heartaches, the same joys. I wonder what the Lord would have done in my photograph gallery today: Martha and her baby, Grandpa and Grandma Tyler, the widow Kell, Ray and Honey, Sally Harms—and even Miss Oldham. (*Fervently.*) God bless them all, deliver their feet from pitfalls, and make them his happy children. Jim may see more people in the city, but he doesn't know any more,

and I doubt if he gets to help as many. I like those lines of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith":

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing, onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose.

(*Sits in quiet thought.*)

LITTLE BILLY STONE *enters, steals to chair and throws his arms around* SILAS.

BILLY. Daddy, aren't you ever coming home? Mamma has supper most ready and we have a surprise for you. I love you, Daddy!

SILAS (*tenderly, putting his arm around the child*). Bless my little boy. (*Suddenly, playful.*) Home we go a-prancing. (*Lifts* BILLY *to his shoulder and takes coat and hat.*) All aboard for the best home in Homeville! (*Exit* SILAS *with* BILLY.)

CURTAIN.

Deacon Dubbs

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 35 Cents

A rural comedy-drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. One scene throughout, a farmyard, not difficult to set. A play of pathos, clean cut rural comedy, local color and a touch of sensation, making a truly great offering for amateurs. It is professional-like in construction, yet easily within the scope of any amateur society. The types are true to life, not exaggerated caricatures. The star role is a comedy old farmer, not the usual stage type of hayseed, but the real, genuine, kind hearted, wise old Deacon, a part as appealing in its way, as Uncle Josh Whitcomb, Nathaniel Berry or David Harum. The heroine, Rose Raleigh, the brave little school ma'am, is a strong, emotional part. A country boy and a Swede hired girl are great comedy parts; also a comedy old maid (almost a star part), tomboy soubrette. A finely drawn hero, character auctioneer, an excellent villain, etc. The characters are almost all equally good. A male quartet and a crowd of villagers will greatly add to the success of the play. A feature scene in each act: A country auction, a country wedding, a country husking bee. This play is a sure hit.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Rose Cottage on an afternoon in June. Yennie Yensen, the Swedish hired girl, wants to borrow some yumps and decides to bid on the hired man at the auction, as "he bane a purty gude looking feller." Miss Philipena arranges for the auction sale. Rose and Amos. "Out of the broken ruins of time fair blossoms grow, God's last amen is a white rose." The Deacon arrives from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well." The farm is sold to Rose Raleigh for two thousand dollars. The defeat of Rawdon Crawley.

Act II.—Same scene, a morning in August. Wedding bells. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Deuteronomy and Yennie bring wedding presents. Miss Philipena takes a nap with disastrous results. Yennie is scared. "Your face, it bane put on backwards." Back from the grave. "You are my wife. Take off that bridal wreath, that sparkling necklace." "Who is this man?" The Deacon arrests Rawdon Crawley.

Act III.—Same scene but a year later and in autumn. The husking bee. Songs and merriment by the villagers. "Rawdon Crawley has escaped!" "This is my punishment and my punishment is more than I can bear." The Deacon returns from New York. Miss Philipena and the fractious cow. The Deacon's nightmare. "Cork, cork, cork!" A wheelbarrow for two. The Virginia reel. The death of Rawdon Crawley. "We'll have a double wedding and for a honeymoon we'll all go down to Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny."

Their First Quarrel

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of glue, which has the appearance of chewing gum, underneath the seat of a chair—and "that's how the trouble began." A subtle bit of humor that will surely please. Could be played in a parlor without scenery.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

The Spark of Life

By HARRY L. NEWTON

Price, 25 Cents

Fantastic comedy in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scenes:** 1 interior, 1 exterior. **Characters:** Herman Heinie, a German doll maker. Bud Barlow, a college youth. Tommy Tucker, the "darling child." Willard Peck, the mysterious stranger. Clarice, Bud's sweetheart. Toots Snodgrass, the housemaid. Mrs. Heinie, the old doll maker's second wife. Dora Mee, a neighbor's daughter.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Herman Heinie, the eccentric doll maker of Happy Hollow, searching for the Spark of Life with which to put the breath of life into his Masterpiece. Toots the maid of all work, who is afraid of work but knows how to extract a tip. "Ain't he just splen-did." The Mephistophelian plot which brings the doll to life. Everybody happy but not for long. The mysterious stranger "I beg your pardon." The dream comes true, but—

Act II.—In which Mrs. Heinie falls in love with the devil, and the road of true love has many twists and turns. The mysterious stranger who will not "stay put." A new recipe for Angel Food, spoiled by too many cooks. The Masterpiece disappears. Sixes and sevens. "I'll paint my face and be a real lady."

Act III.—"Everybody hates everybody they shouldn't and everybody loves everybody they shouldn't." Bud, the cause of it all, as popular as an Indian with the smallpox. The deception disclosed. Herman turns over a new leaf. "I bought a new pair of trousers yesterday and by golly I'm going to wear them from now on. The worm turns, back to the kitchen where you belong. The fifty thousand dollar legacy sacrificed for love. A triple courtship. "All my life I've been searching for the Spark of Life and now at last I've found it—it's love, that's what it is, love." "Ain't he just splen-did."

Happy School Days

By JESSIE A. KELLEY

Price, 30 Cents

Humorous entertainment; 14 males, 11 females. Time, about 1½ hours. **Scene:** Easy interior. The old school entertainment has long been a prime favorite with societies, churches, etc., as a sure means of raising money. This is a new phase and breaks away from the traditional setting—the little school at the village, or at the country cross-roads. It being more cosmopolitan, depicting the humorous trials of the city principal and the teachers of the various grades. Introduces impish and fun-craving youngsters of many nationalities; their parents with ridiculous complaints and absurd ideas of our school system; janitor, school physician, truant officer, etc. More characters could be easily introduced. Drills, recitations, etc., may be added according to talent. The comic effect will be decidedly enhanced if played by prominent or elderly people.

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623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

The Spell of the Image

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 35 Cents

A comedy-drama in prologue and 3 acts; 10 males, 10 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 2 interiors. **Characters in the Prologue:** The host. His daughter. Her sweetheart. A rival. A serving maid. A gypsy. Dancers. **Characters in the Play:** Dunbar, a young millionaire. Harlan, his friend. Ross, managing editor of the Clarion. Mathews, business manager of the Clarion. Carter, a political candidate. Ted, an office boy. Terrence, an Irish gentleman. Phyllis, of modern tendencies. Carolyn, her closest friend. Fredericka, a reporter. Kitty, Phyllis' sister, secretly romantic. Belinda, a maid, also romantic. Two aunts, of opposing natures.

SYNOPSIS

Prologue.—The toast—"England and America." Phyllis pleads her cause with Rupert—and the image mocks. The gypsy weaves an evil spell and reads what "is written in the stars." Phyllis offers tribute—and the pearls are hidden. "Our tryst is over."

Act I.—Kitty flaunts tradition and argues a business career before an unsympathetic audience. Carter proves an obstacle in the political career of MacDonald and John. Phyllis airs her views upon economic independence and tells MacDonald why she can't marry him. Kitty falls asleep—and is awakened by Adventure. "Faith and it's not a monkey-wrench to me—it's a key to the future." The telephone rings—and Phyllis goes to work on the Clarion.

Act II.—Fredericka lands a scoop—and prophesies failure for the Clarion. Loss of advertising and of popular favor does not daunt MacDonald. "I'm going to be a detectuff." Fredericka makes a proposition to Carter. Ted and Kitty, together, play "detectuff." "Your stocks are quite worthless, Mac." Adventure comes again to Kitty—and learns of his enemy. Terrence is about to tell his story—when the climax comes!

Act III.—Terrence is generous—and Carter accepts the terms. "Don't its eyes seem to follow me—doesn't it seem alive?" Aunt Letitia and Aunt Alice have a lively tilt, with Phyllis as mediator. Belinda slaps the image—and the pearls are found! Kitty follows Adventure "even to the end of the day." "Here's half the cost of a wedding ring!"

Little Miss Enemy

By HARRY L. NEWTON

Price, 25 Cents

A mobilization of mirth and melody; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A Palm Beach flirtation with military tactics. War declared; the enemy entrenched; strategy; the siege; the battle won only to find Little Miss Enemy his commanding officer. A snappy bit of refined comedy.

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623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

The Lady of the Library

By EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

Price, 35 Cents

A delightful comedy-drama of village life in 3 acts; 5 males, 10 females. Time, 2 hours. Scene: Reading room of a public library; easily set. A most refined and lovable librarian of 60 years, surprisingly youthful in appearance and manner, plays the leading rôle. Through her selection of literature the town has been brought up to a high standard. Although sincerely in love with a certain judge, she has allowed the whims of others to keep them apart for many years; however, they are finally united. Pearl, the pretty ingenue, a strong part. Bits of good comedy furnished by two typical old maids, a movie actress, newlyweds and the "proprietor of the dust rag." A story that inspires the most pleasant thoughts and is bound to find its way to the heart of every audience.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Morning at the Library. A movie actress in ordinary rôle. "Miss Avis won't be an old maid when she's a hundred." Burr warns Pearl against the fate of a spinster. The missing book. Mrs. Nelson recalls old times. The new preacher feels called to set to rights a few things. "Would you close the doors of knowledge to your four-footed brothers?" Mrs. Edgeworth exerts her authority. A startling insinuation. Avis unlocks the chambers of the past. "God be merciful to all who are born women!"

Act II.—Mrs. Edgeworth on the war-path. Sam assumes the blame. "I'm the guy that put the sin in Cincinnati." The Judge's return takes everybody by surprise. The preacher interviews Pearl and Susanne appeals for religious instruction. Mrs. Edgeworth's accusation is met by opposition. "If this was the Judgment Day and you were the Angel of Death itself, I could give no other answer!" "I would stake my very life on her honesty."

Act III.—Sam gets poetic through literary association. The preacher hears the story of Pearl's origin. Avis resigns her position. The Judge hears of the pearl ring and finds the long-sought child. Mrs. Edgeworth's change of heart. "Of course the dear child was not at all to blame." The Judge reveals the mystery of the lost volume and Burr contributes his share to the revelation. Pearl speaks her mind. "I have nothing whatever to say to Burr's mother." Mrs. Edgeworth rejoices. "I have always longed for a daughter." Susanne frightens the minister. "Go away, lady!" Avis receives and answers her letter at last. The Judge "considers their ages" and gets his "turn" at last. "Is it too late to find the minister?"

At Harmony Junction

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy character sketch for a singing quartette; 4 males. Time, 20 minutes. The rube station agent, the colored porter, the tramp and the stranger supply mirth and melody while waiting for the train "due th' day before yistiddy."

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Safety First

By SHELDON PARMER

Price, 35 Cents

Farce-comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: A parlor and a garden, easily arranged. A sprightly farce full of action and with a unique plot teeming with unexpected turns and twists that will make the audience wonder "what on earth is coming next." Behind the fun and movement lurks a great moral: Always tell the truth to your wife. The cast includes three young men, a funny policeman, a terrible Turk, two young ladies, a society matron, a Turkish maiden and Mary O'Finnigan, the Irish cook. The antics of the terror-stricken husband, the policeman, the dude and the Irish cook start the audience smiling at 8:15 and send them home with aching sides from the tornado of fun at 10:40. Suitable for performance anywhere, but recommended for lodges, clubs and schools. Not a coarse or suggestive line in the play.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Jack's lil suburban home. A misplaced husband. "He kissed me good-bye at eighteen minutes after seven last night, and I haven't laid eyes on him since." The Irish maid is full of sympathy but she imagines a crime has been committed. Elmer, the college boy, drops in. And the terrible Turk drops out. "Sure the boss has eloped wid a Turkey!" Jerry and Jack come home after a horrible night. Explanations. "We joined the Shriners, I'm the Exalted Imported Woggle and Jack is the Bazook!" A detective on the trail. Warrants for John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Moe. "We're on our way to Florida!"

Act II.—A month later, Jack and Jerry reported drowned at sea. The Terrible Turk looking for Zuleika. The return of the prodigals. Ghosts! Some tall explanations are in order. "I never was drowned in all my life, was I, Jerry?" "We were lashed to a mast and we floated and floated and floated!" A couple of heroes. The Terrible Turk hunting for Jack and Jerry. "A Turk never injures an insane man." Jack feigns insanity. "We are leaving this roof forever!" The end of a perfect day.

Act III.—Mrs. Bridger's garden. Elmer and Zuleika start on their honeymoon. Mabel forgives Jack, but her mamma does not. They decide to elope. Jerry's scheme works. The two McNutts. "Me middle name is George Washington, and I cannot tell a lie." The detective falls in the well. "It's his ghost!" Jack and Jerry preparing for the elopement. Mary Ann appears at the top of the ladder. A slight mistake. "It's a burglar, mum, I've got him!" The Terrible Turk finds his Zuleika. Happiness at last.

Foiled, By Heck!

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

A truly rural drama, in 1 scene and several dastardly acts; 3 males, 3 females. Time, 35 minutes. Scene: The mortgaged home of the homespun drama, between sunup and sundown. Characters: Reuben, a nearly self-made man. His wife, who did the rest. Their perfectly lovely daughter. Clarence, a rustic hero, by ginger! Olivia, the plaything of fate, poor girl. Sylvester, with a viper's heart. Curses! Curses! Already he has the papers. A screaming travesty on the old-time "b'gosh" drama.

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An Old Fashioned Mother

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 35 Cents

The dramatic parable of a mother's love, in 3 acts; 6 males, 6 females, also the village choir or quartet and a group of silent villagers. Time, 2¼ hours. One scene: A sitting room. A play of righteousness as pure as a mother's kiss, but with a moral that will be felt by all. Contains plenty of good, wholesome comedy and dramatic scenes that will interest any audience. Male Characters: The county sheriff; an old hypocrite; the selfish elder son; the prodigal younger son; a tramp and a comical country boy. Female Characters: The mother (one of the greatest sympathetic roles ever written for amateurs); the village belle; the sentimental old maid; the good-hearted hired girl; a village gossip and a little girl of nine. Especially suited for church, Sunday school, lodge or school performance.

SYNOPSIS.

Act. I.—**The Good Samaritan.** Aunt Debby's farmhouse in late March. The Widder rehearses the village choir. Sukey in trouble with the old gray tabby cat. "She scratched me. I was puttin' flour on her face for powder, jest like you do!" Lowisy Custard reads her original poetry and Jerry Gosling drops in to see if there are to be any refreshments. "That's jest what maw says!" Lowisy and Jonah pass the fainting tramp by the wayside and Deborah rebukes them with the parable of the Good Samaritan. The tramp's story of downfall due to drink. "A poor piece of driftwood blown hither and thither by the rough winds of adversity." John, Deborah's youngest son, profits by the tramp's experience. "From this moment no drop of liquor shall ever pass my lips." John arrested. "I am innocent, and when a man can face his God, he needn't be afraid to face the law!"

Act II.—**A Mother's Love.** Same scene but three years later, a winter afternoon. "Colder'n blue and purple blazes and snowin' like sixty." Jerry's engagement ring. "Is it a di'mond? Ef it ain't I'm skun out of two shillin'." "I been sparkin' her fer nigh onto four years, Huldy Sourapple, big fat gal, lives over at Hookworm Crick." Deborah longs for news from John, the boy who was taken away. The Widder gossips. "I never seen sich a womern!" "You'd think she was a queen livin' in New York at the Walled-off Castoria." Lowisy is disappointed in Brother Guggs and decides to set her cap for Jonah. Deborah mortgages the old home for Charley and Isabel. The sleighing party. "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" The face at the window. Enoch and John. "I've been weak and foolish, a thing of scorn, laughed at, mocked at, an ex-convict with the shadow of the prison ever before me, but all that is passed. From now on, with the help of God, I am going to be a man!"

Act III.—**The Prodigal Son.** Two years later. Deborah bids farewell to the old home before she goes over the hills to the poorhouse. "The little home where I've lived since John brought me home as a bride." The bitterest cup—a pauper. "It ain't right, it ain't fair." Glorlana and the baby. "There ain't nothin' left fer me, nothin' but the poorhouse." The sheriff comes to take Aunt Deb over the hills. "Your boy ain't dead. He's come back to you, rich and respected. He's here!" The return of the prodigal son. Jerry gets excited and yells, "Glory Hallelujah!" The joy and happiness of Deborah. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land."

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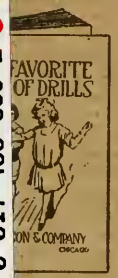

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